big pop eyes and imitates the fish when it comes against the glass of the aquarium. This very striking image makes us laugh, and as later on we allude to it, she becomes quite worried:

"Don't repeat that. Oh, I beg of you, don t say that I said it! You would make me an enemy of him. And I am always promising myself never to say anything bad about anyone!"

Gheon, very much a wondering yokel just off the train at the Gare d'Orsay with heavy muddy shoes, but, as is customary with him, very much at ease, is much more interested, intrigued, than he expected. One would have to hold oneself very much in check not to succumb to the charm of this extraordinary poetess with the boiling brain and the cold blood.

* * *

March-April

I enjoy an empty pleasure in noting in my companion [2] even less gift for languages than I have. In the first restaurant beyond the frontier, when he points on the wine card to a half-bottle of *"cerveza"* which we decide must be beer,

"Pilsen 6 ingles?" asks the waiter.

"My poor fellow, there's no use trying, I shan't understand a word of what you say."

No matter how urgent our curiosity was at Valencia, having arrived in the morning, we think only of leaving by noon.

"But not without having seen the cathedral. . . .*

Guided by our fancy from *calle* to *calle,* we suddenly stumble on it. Copeau, who is smoking a rather good cigar, sends me ahead as a scout to see "if it's worth the trouble of going in/* The cigar not being finished when I come out, we go on. . . .

But was it really the cathedral?

I slept like a log. Charming morning! An unknown joy chimes through the town; this is the hour when the flocks go through it; each passing goat ripples off, as he trots, the single note of

his little bell. The air is perfumed with azure; the roofs shine. Flee! Ah! flee farther to the south and toward a more total exile. It is on such a morning that the most confident and most daring hope of our soul sets sail and that the Golden Fleece trembles before Jason's eyes.

Elche

Thanks to our Tyrolean cloaks, we are taken here for two Catalan *toreros.*

[2] Jacques Copeau. [E.]